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Thomas L. Evans letter to his sister from Port Cavallo, Texas, January 4, 1864

Thomas L. Evans

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Port Cavallo Texas

Jan. 4. 1864.

Dear Sister

I wrote you
a letter on Christmas
evening and intended
writing again on New Years
day, but did not and now
I must tell you why.

About 10 o'clock on the night of the
30th of Dec. there came up a heavy
Northerner. the wind blew fierce
& cold as Greenland. I had been
writing during the day and had
left my Co. papers & book lying
about the tent. so I got up and
put ^{them} carefully away in my trunk
lest my tent should blow over and
they be blown away or destroyed.

I threw an extra blanket over
me and lay there listening at the

at the wind blow and wishing the soldiers were all as well fixed for the storm as myself. There I lay musing when at 12 o'clock we received orders to get up and prepare to march immediately. I have been a soldier long enough to learn to ask no questions. so I aroused the Co. and before 1 o'clock the brigade was marching silently out of camp.

We marched directly East along the gulf beach and the North wind almost blew us sideways into the gulf at the same time drifting the sand over us like like snow in a snow storm. thus we marched on about six miles when we lay down among some sand banks and spread our blankets over us and rested and tried to sleep and almost froze until near day broke when we were up and on our way again. We marched on four or five

miles further when we gave up all hope of finding the Guerrillas we were hunting for and turned back to camp driving with us about five hundred nice sheep.

We arrived at camp about noon completely worn out with marching through the sand with eyes sore from the sand which had blown in them. The storm still continued and the next morning (New Years morning) was colder than ever and I had to go on picket. However I was warmly dressed and got along very well but returned to camp next ^{quite wet} day as without moderating much it had set to raining. and the weather still continues cold and rainy.

How wonderfully my lovely "Sunny South" is transformed since Christmas. God it is changed from the gentle lamb to the roaring lion. but it is not likely to

remaining thus a great while.
My health is excellent. far better
than I enjoyed when I entered
the service. and I hope there
are better times coming. So I am
content with my lot knowing there
are so many even worse off
than I. The boys are all well
and I find nothing to hinder me
from enjoying myself. Ho my laugh
rings through camp as merrily
as it use to about home.

I hope you will excuse the many
mistakes in this letter for I have
no fire in my tent and it is rather
cool to write with any satisfaction
so though I am ashamed of my writing
and spelling I shall call this a letter and
send it to you. It has been a long
while since I got a letter from
you your wife often

Ever your Brother

Thomas

Port Wavallo, Texas.

Jan. 4, 1864.

Dear Sister:

I wrote you a letter on Christmas evening and intended writing again on New Years day but did not and now I must tell you why.

About 10 o'clock on the night of the 30th of Dec. there came up a heavy Northerner. The wind blew fierce and cold as Greenland. I had been writing during the day and had left my Co. papers and book lying about the tent so I got up and put them carefully away in my trunk lest my tent should blow over and they be blown away or destroyed.

I threw on an extra blanket over me and lay there listening at the wind blow and wishing the soldiers were all as well fixed for the storm as myself. There I lay musing when at 12 o'clock we received orders to get up and prepare to march immediately. I have been a soldier long enough to ask no questions so I aroused the Co. and before 1 o'clock the brigade was marching silently out of camp.

We marched directly East along the gulf beach and the North wind almost blew us sideways into the Gulf at the same time drifting the sand over us like snow in a snowstorm; thus we marched on about six miles when we lay down among some sand banks and spread our blankets over us and rested and tried to sleep and almost froze until near day break when we were up and on our way again. We marched on four or five miles farther when we gave up all hope of finding the Gurillas^{we} were hunting for and turned back to camp driving with us about five hundred nice sheep. We arrived at camp about noon completely worn out with marching through the sand with eyes sore from the sand which had blown in them. The storm still continued and the next morning (New Years morning)

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was colder than ever and I had to go on picket, however, I was warmly dressed and got along very well but returned to camp next day quite wet as without moderating much it had set to raining and the weather still continues cold and rainy. How wonderfully my lovely "sunny South" is transformed since Christmas. Yes, it is changed from the gentle lamb to the roaring lion but it is not likely to remain thus a great while.

My health is excellent - far better than I enjoyed when I entered the service and I hope there are better times coming so I am content with my lot knowing there are so many even worse off than I. The boys are all well and I find nothing to hinder me from enjoying myself and my laugh rings through camp as merrily as it used to about home.

I hope you will excuse the many mistakes in this letter for I have no fire in my tent and it is rather cool to write with any satisfaction so though I am ashamed of my writing and spelling, I shall call this a letter and send it to you. It has been a long while since I got a letter from you. Write oftener.

As ever,

Your brother,

Thomas.